

# "101" Ranch

## Miller Bros. Stupendous Enterprise

### Wild West Enterprise Big Undertaking

# Oklahoma's Pride

#### 101 Ranch.

Many citizens of Oklahoma have seen towns and cities spring up in a night and grow into beautiful and permanent metropolises. Few of them, however, have ever witnessed the preparations for putting a big circus on the cars and getting it ready for the entertainment of the many thousands that will visit it during the coming season. To those not familiar with such scenes the problem seems one of gigantic proportions, and only from the humanness of the show itself, but also from the multiplicity of details, every one of which must be looked after with the utmost care.

A leader representative visited the Miller Bros. Wild West show at Ponca City Sunday and found things being

enterprise. Mrs. Radford formerly did the "dip of death" with the Barnum and Bailey circus and gained a name as wild as the republic as "Annie, the girl without fear."

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Thompson, Mr. Victor Leighton are at the head of the publicity department, which simple statement means as skilful and experienced people in that line as may be found with any circus on the road.

At the ranch there was also a scene of hurry, a throng of hundreds of visitors and an afternoon of rehearsals and tryouts. The summer cottages on the ranch are filled with performers and employees. Among them were found men of every clime and people of many nations. The air

of whom are more or less famous. A genuine Indian village is to be a feature of the show, and also the native songs and dances. Among these might be mentioned the Indian princess, "Chank-a-ta-wan," an Indian girl rifle shot whose superior has never yet been placed before the public.

Among the cowboys are Prince Lucena, head of the troupe, and one of the most daring riders that ever braced on a spur. Sunday, while riding standing up on a strange horse, he stood plunged at breakneck speed, to the fence surrounding the arena. The fence was torn down and Prince Lucena was thrown, unhurt, far out upon the soil of the spectacle. He scrambled up with a smile, mounted his horse again and galloped singing to the other end of the arena. The shouting and cheering of the cowboys will be an additional feature.

The cowboys are a happy lot, the leader man was told. They sing on the train, on the march, rain or shine, and even dream of singing in their sleep.

The Stakelass from India are a queer-looking bunch. Clad in a sort of skirt, with long, black, straight hair, they look like a bunch of the American negro, except that their features are sharper, though fully as black. They will give exhibitions of their native customs and dances.

In addition there are clever rope spinners, trained mules and goats, trick ponies, water buffalo, American buffalo and in fact so many are the varied attractions that the spectators and the show itself must be seen to be appreciated.

Not the least among the attractions will be Joe and Zach Miller, from the fact of the interesting personality behind each of the brothers and their wide and genuine experiences among the thrilling scenes of the West. Imported Arabian stallions, the most perfect and beautiful horses that ever bore riders, will be ridden by them at the head of the parade.

An innovation will be the use of mules for the heavy work of the show in place of the customary draft horses. This is an idea of Joe Miller's, who has seen them tried under a variety of circumstances. Dozens of these long-eared beasts are now being fed up for use with the show, under the watchful eye of an old Barnum and Bailey head-hofter.

There will be no menagerie, but an Indian village and "cow camp" will take the place of this feature.

Another feature that will be of interest to old timers in this section will be a reproduction of the massacre of Fort Hennessy and his companions. This event occurred in 1874 where the town of Hennessy now stands. Hennessy was a freighter and his wagon train was attacked and the party slain. Cheyenne Indians were said to have been the guilty ones, though



INDIAN PRINCESS CHANK-A-TA-WAN. In Miller Bros. 101 Ranch Wild West.

there has been a hint that there were renegade whites and outlaws in the party, dressed in Indian costume. Bull Bear, a Cheyenne, accredited with a part in the tragedy, will be with the show and take part in this feature. Hennessy, it will be remembered, was tied to a wagon wheel and burned. W. H. McTalley, then a U. S. marshal, reached the scene with a party soon after. He has been sought out by the Miller boys and will also take part in this feature of the show.

Another unusual feature will be a number of genuine "long horn" cattle. These are now fast disappearing. Zach Miller has secured the southwest for good specimens, and states that they are now almost as scarce as the buffalo.

Of the Miller brother themselves no word is needed here, they and their ranch being too well known in Guthrie to require that which is so superfluous. Joe and Zach, it is understood, will accompany the show, while George will remain at home to look after the ranch and the big colony of summer tourists that now comes from all over the world to spend the most novel vacation, perhaps, of their entire lives among the thousands of cattle, the real cow punchers and all other interesting things and people that give the 101 Ranch an atmosphere that stamps it as thoroughly unique among the places of this earth.



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## AN EDITOR IN TROUBLE

### ARISING OVER PLAYFUL PHONE MESSAGE TO HADES

Special to Daily Leader.

Barleeslie, Okla., April 7.—The city of Barleeslie last week witnessed the installation of a wireless telephone system to Hell, and an attempt to hang-whip Jesse Leach, editor of the Daily Enterprise, for publishing the fact, and in consequence the Sunday "yellow" will have good material for their weird pages for the next few weeks.

"Sam" Harper for more than twenty years a United States marshal in Oklahoma and Indian Territories, and who lately had been assistant chief of police of the city of Barleeslie, died in that city one day during the past week, the last few hours of his life being lived just as had been the majority of those of his forty-five years.

Sam was ever a practical joker, as his many friends and acquaintances in the state well know. In and out of season, he was always ready to spring a joke of some kind, no matter the time, conditions or place.

While on his death bed in Barleeslie, Harper looked around upon the watchers for the "great white horse" with amusement and after some minutes of quiet meditation arose and without a word walked over to the wall on the opposite side of the room from his bed, and through the motions of taking down a telephone receiver, paused for a moment, and said:

"Hello, Central, give me Hell."

After a moment or so of waiting, Harper's face brightened as though he had had a response from the other end of his wireless telephone system. And he began talking again.

"Hello, is this Hell? I want to talk to Ernest Lewis. Call him to the phone."

Lewis is the man who was killed by Deputy United States Marshal Fred Keeler, his cousin, at Barleeslie, on the night that statehood was achieved. After Lewis had killed George Williams, another deputy marshal, in a pistol duel growing out of the continued arresting of Lewis upon various bootlegging and other charges, including that of establishing a minature Monte Carlo near Caney, Kas.

In but a few moments after making his request for Lewis, Harper again began talking and carried on the following one-sided conversation, those in the room watching him with breathless interest, unable to determine whether they were witnessing a supernatural demonstration, permitted to few, or whether Harper was playing a practical joke upon them.

"Hello, Lewis. This is Sam Harper talking. How are you getting along down there?"

"Is George there?" was Harper's next question. Then after a lengthy pause:

"Can't come down now, Lewis, but I'll be there before long. Good bye." Turning around as though to hang up the receiver, Harper walked back to his bed, informed those about him that he had talked to Lewis about Wil-

kins and that Lewis had said he was there but that they were not on very good terms, pulled the sheet up over his head and expired a short while later.

The publication of a story to this effect in the Daily Enterprise, Editor Jesse Leach's paper, caused him serious trouble. Mrs. Ernest Lewis, widow of the dead ex-outlaw, sending out invitations to a "whipping party" in front of the Enterprise office, telephoned Editor Leach to come out and get some advertising, and then going after him with a short raw-hide whip. Leach is a champion sprinter, however, and reached his sanctum door in less than record time.

Finding himself unable to escape against superior odds offered by a bare-foot door, Mrs. Lewis announced that the event would be postponed until a later occasion, and that she would surely "get" the man who had slandered her husband.

Lewis and his wife were devoted to each other and had one of the happiest homes in Barleeslie. Loving him so

keenly has caused the widow much mental anguish every time his name has been mentioned in the newspapers since, and many of her friends have been surprised at her restraining from going after the newspaper man many months ago.

Pain, anywhere, can be quickly stopped by one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. Pain always means congestion—unnatural blood pressure. Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets simply coax congested blood away from pain centers. These Tablets—known by druggists as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets—simply equalize the blood circulation and then pain always departs in 20 minutes. 20 Tablets 25 cents. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., for free package. Sold by all dealers.

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INDIAN GIRL SHARPSHOOTER. In Both Indian and White Amput. With Miller Bros. 101 Ranch Wild West.

rapidly whipped into shape. On a side near the town are twenty-four cars waiting to receive the performers and paraphernalia of what promises to be the greatest Wild West attraction ever put on wheels. There are many stock, box and flat cars, nearly all of which are in readiness. Half a dozen showmen are being repainted, repainted and generally overhauled. In them will be private apartments for the Millers, the managers and others. All in and about the cars was a scene of bustle and activity, and the train will be a delight to the eye, not only of the small boy, but a handsome sight for grown-ups as well. On the other side of town is the "lot," on which the initial performance will be given next Tuesday. Here wagons were being repainted, tents, stakes and poles gotten in readiness and the arena for the performance staked off.

Associated with the show are many people of wide experience in the business. At the head are found the American, father and son, Mr. and Mrs. Leighton, and known in the amusement business wherever a stake is driven or a "big top" pulled heavenward. Mr. and Mrs. Radford, also of wide repute, are connected with the

was filled with that strange language of the circus, the gibbering of Singalese from India, the singling of cowboys, the rings of the cow camps, the soft accents of Mexican Americans and riders, the chiming of cow girls' laughter, the bawling of newly saddled bronchos and the applause of the multitude.

In the temporary arena, a dozen bronchos of the most vicious type were ridden by the cow punchers, one of whom was pointedly injured, due to the slipping of a saddle.

Then boys in the real broncho seaters, and an old timer at the side of the arena. "I have seen all sorts of horses and all sorts of riders, but the man that rode a bunch of riders that beats them in this show will have to travel a mighty long and tiresome trail."

Among the lady riders are a number of Oklahoma's fair daughters, accustomed to the heat of a cow pony's

head upon the prairie sod, and not afraid when he takes it into his stubborn head to "pitch" a trifle. They will take pleasure in showing the customers how real cow girls "throw the leather into you" under such circumstances.

There are scores of Indians, many



TYPICAL COWBOY. In Miller Bros. 101 Ranch Wild West.

## SENATE HOPPER ACTIVE

(Continued from Page 2.)

Senator Roddie relieved Mr. Stanford, who was going home for the evening, and the senate renewed consideration of last two sections. The bill was recommitted to the committee. The session exploded.

The ridiculous charges against Mr. Bee, as before mentioned in The Leader, had forced that attitude to call for an investigation, and the committee, as stated last evening, considered all the so-called charges. The report follows:

Mr. President:—We, your Judiciary Committee No. 2, to whom was referred the matter of investigating certain charges with reference to Ham P. Bee, report:

That he purchased \$200.00 worth of supplies in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma of some other place recently, without authority from the senate, has leave to report that after a thorough investigation we find nothing in said charges. That he has made no such purchase and we exonerate him wholly from the charges preferred.

And further on the contrary, we find that there is no evidence to support the charges that Ham P. Bee has

been guilty of any misconduct pertaining to the purchase of supplies.

We further find that Senator Montgomery, who made the statement containing this charge against Ham P. Bee, made it in good faith and upon information received from hearsay, but was doing his duty as a senator in calling the attention of the senate to the rumor that was being circulated.

We further find that the statement made by Senator Montgomery on the floor of the senate to the effect that he had been informed that this \$200 purchase of supplies had been made by Ham P. Bee, was true and that he had been told this from a source which justified him in making the statement on the floor of the senate.

Respectfully submitted, STEWART, Chairman.

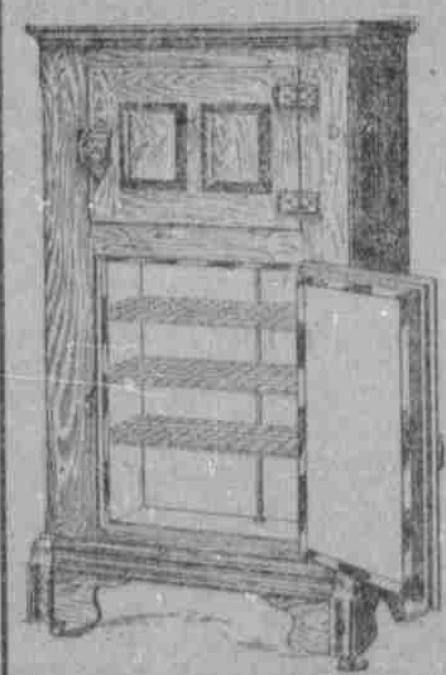
### A Twenty-Year Sentence.

"I have just completed a twenty year health sentence, imposed by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which cured me of bleeding piles just twenty years ago," writes O. S. Woodbury of Le Rayville, N. Y. Bucklen's Arnica Salve heals the worst sores, boils, burns, scalds and cuts in the shortest time. 25¢ at R. C. Benfra drug store.



LULU PALE. Cowboy With Miller Bros. 101 Ranch Wild West.

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